

TEA-DRINKING:

K
A

FRAGMENT.

*Let others relate each heroical Deed,
Of the mad Macedonian, or fool-hardy Swede;
No God I'll invoke, no Patron will chuse,
Nor ask I the Aid of a splenetic Muse,*

ANONY.



D U B L I N:

Printed in the YEAR, MDCCCLII.

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FRAGMENT.



DUBLIN.

Printed in the Year, MDCCLXXII.

(91)

Tea-Drinking.

FRAGMENT.

S^{1.} PARKLING, with Youth's gay Pride, like
mirthful *May*,
In the Sedan enclos'd, by Slaves up-born ;
See the Love-darting Dame, swing' long the
Way,
Or to present the Visit, or return.

^{2.}
The sleek comb'd Valet trimly trips before ;
Loud, thro' the gazing Croud, commanding Place ;
With well-tim'd Raps he strikes the sounding Door,
Thunders in Taste, and rattles with a Grace.

^{3.}
Along the Pavement grates the swift-stop'd Chair,
Back on its well-oil'd Hinges flies the Gate ;
Behind the high-held Hoop, up-springs the Fair,
Ruffling in rich Array, and silken State.

The

4.

The howd'ye ended, the Contest of Place,
~~And all the fashionable flutt'ring Toils,~~
 Down, curt'ying, sink the Laughter-loving Race,
 And undisturb'd one Moment, Silence smiles.

5.

Behold! the Beau-complexion'd Porcelain,
 As Bell turn'd Tulips variegated show,
 In order set amidst the tittering Train,
 Replete with Spoils which from *Cathaya* flow.

6.

The leading Fair the Word harmonious gives
Betty around attends with bending Knee;
 Each white-arm Fair, the painted Cup receives
 Pours the rich Cream, or stirs the sweetned Tea.

7.

The chrystal Sweets in sparkling Fragments view
 As glitt'ring Pebbles in disorder lie
 Ah! what avails its spangle-candy'd Hue,
 Like flake-fall'n Snow, it must dissolving die.

8.

Thus when black Scandal taints the fair-form'd Toast,
 Heedlessly fall'n to Appetite a Prize;
 Drown'd by Despair she drops, her Lustre's lost,
 Sinking in Shame, and mourning melting dies.

9.

With verdant Hyson fill'd, Libation rare,
 The flow'ry figur'd-fair Enamel fume;
 The Odour-spreading Steams regale the Fair,
 And breezy Fragrance fills the rich-spread Room.

10.

Within the circled, smooth transparent Brim,
 How prettily the Fair-Ones prattling sip;

While

While rising Bubbles o're the Surface skim,
Mantling with Joy to meet each lovely Lip.

11.

Not so the Sons of Riot, sickly Train,
Dos'd 'midst *Circæan* Cups they waste the Day;
The silent Hours of Night with Noise prophane,
And drown inglorious, cool Reflection's Ray.

12.

' Ye Sons of Thirst, ye Health-absorbing Race,
' Shun the insidious Glass, rich Reason's bane;
' Ere purpled Poisons scorch the pimpled Face,
' And boil the Blood in each Pulse-wanting Vain.

13.

' Bloat the bloom'd Cheek, the sparkling Eye-balls
' blear,
' Make pale the Healthy, and unnerve the Strong,
' Swell the small Waist, the Memory impair,
' And steal each Secret from the stamm'ring
Tongue.

14.

' Free from Disease the active, temperate Feast,
' Each dainty Meal, by Exercise they prove,
' What Courts may envy they unsated taste,
' The Joys of Health, of Liberty, and Love.

15.

While taper Fingers tend the spiral Blaze,
The shining Lamp on the firm Tripod flames;
The sacred Fire thus on the Altar plays *;
Thus stood around the spotless *gall* Dames.

16.

Thus they prepar'd the sacrificing Feast,
While fragrant Clouds involv'd the massy Shrine;

Then fell the Victim by the blood-flush'd Priest;
To bribe Success, or satiate Wrath divine.

17.

Improv'd these Rites our *British*-Fair retain;
'Lodge there in finest Forms such fierce Designs.'
The Antients only offer'd up the Slain,
But living Victims glut the modern Shrines.

18.

O're the rich Incense-breathing Fumes, preside,
Hov'ring on harpy Wing; terrific Show;
Envy self-pin'd, Suspicion yellow-ey'd
And Venom-breathing Scandal, merits Foe.

19.

Ill-nature, like an antiquated Maid,
Gluts her foul Spleen with hapless Beauty's Fate;
Thus *Cæsar* at the Base of *Pompey* laid,
Became a Prey to each pale Coward's Hate.

20.

The veteran Fair in Chastity grown grey,
Are cruel, crabbed, bitter, base, and wrong;
Alas, the finest Wines as well as they,
Will turn to Vinegar if kept too long.

21.

Chance can, like Death, the fairest Forms confound;
Thus sobb'd th' unhappy, poor, unthinking Maid;
As from her Hand a Saucer slip'd to Ground,
In many colour'd shining Fragments laid.

22.

'Tho' sweetly shows the Snow-complexion'd Toast,
'In pearly Pride, and flow'ry Bloom full blown;
'In one sad Moment thus her Beauty's lost,
'If careless crack'd, or craftily o'rethrown.

23.

Be warn'd ye Fair, around ye Dangers wait ;
Let caution guide your Steps where er'e you go ;
Like *Cbina*, Ladies Charms submit to Fate,
As pure, as bright, but yet as brittle too.

24.

Do not, ye Lovely, Love's fond Laws despise,
Mark on each wrinkled Cheek the Scars of Time ;
Examples fear——Obey him, and be wise ;
Accept the Hint——be happy in your Prime.

25.

See the bright Planet of the new-born Day,
Dart on the Virgin Rose-Bud's blushing Leaves,
Unfolding fragrant to his powerful Ray,
His genial Heat wide-spreading, she receives.

Cetera desunt.

F I N I S.

I was pure as bright, but yet as white too.
Like China, better than China's painted face,
I let cannon guide you, Stead where'er I go;
He won't ye fail; around ye I hang my wings.

Account the time — as spent in your service.
 I'm glad to hear — Obedient, and true;
 Mark on each wrinkled cheek the years of time;
 No more ye fowls, I love a loyal, true, dog.

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